

The Omega Hunt

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The Omega Hunt

by [APastandFutureNerd](#)

Summary

In the ancient world of Peleos, omegas don't have any worth to the villagers. They are subjected to cruel omega hunts. Every year, Will's village casts out omegas who have been living as betas among them or omegas that have just presented in their families. Will Graham is among the exposed ones. Hannibal the Cannibal is among the hunters but he never took pride in participating in this barbaric ritual nor claimed an omega for himself. But when he sees Will Graham for the first time, it changes and he wants the omega as his mate. And Will just wants to protect little Abby and himself. When the hunt ends, everything changes for them.

Please mind the tags.

Notes

Hello!

This is the first time that I ever complete a fic before posting it. The chapters are all written. I've learned my lesson,yay :D

I will update every day if I can. If there is a break, something urgent has happened in real life.

Just a little warning ahead:There is rape in the story, so please tread carefully. You've been warned, it is tagged, so I don't want to hear any complain.

Besides, everything is fictional.There are also historical inaccuracies concerning fishing gear, for example. Some details are made up to make everything work. If you are interested in the real daily life and politics in the ancient world, please do some fact check on your own :).

This said, I hope you enjoy the story If you have something substantial to criticise, please be kind and polite.I will not answer to hateful, destructive comments.

I dedicate this fic especially to fannibelle (you know why), Nicestofthedamned, UnknownMusing, Cassie Raven, CulterVenatorius, Bravewhenfearful and all Omegaverse and Hannigram fans!

Stay safe and healthy.

Xoxo

Chapter 1

Chapter Summary

Some tender moments between Will and Abby, as the day of the Hunt begins.

It is an unwritten law in the village of Peleopolis that omegas, who have presented recently or have lived undetected amongst the villagers, are cast out into the wild for the annual and cruel omega hunt. Either the omegas survive the rough claiming of alphas and go with them or they don't. If they survive, they are never seen by their families again. Most of them end up in slavery or dead.

Strong alphas dominate society and there is no place for fragility. In a world, in which heroism reigns in the heads of alphas and betas, weak omegas do not fit in. The general opinion of omegas is that they are worthless and lacking the strength for fighting. Too weak, too delicate, and weepy. Omegas are the joke of nature, some scholars say.

Will Graham is among the fifteen chosen ones. Not long ago, Matthew, his closest friend, had turned him over to the villagers, along with others. Then he was cast into the *Omega District* in which omegas have to live on their own - cut off from their families until the hunt begins. They are not treated as slaves yet. They are free to fish and procure food from the fields and are otherwise left to their own. Ignorance and separation can hurt just as much. Yet many omegas stick together, trying to come up with a plan to escape their plight.

Will doesn't care about socializing. He has rarely come into contact with other betas and alphas of the village except for Matthew. He doesn't even consider conspiring with the other younger omegas to plan and escape. To what end? Sometimes it is the best thing to give in to fate. No, It's just him and Abigail in his little tent, with the spare furniture. For him, that's just fine. He doesn't need any friends anymore. Not after the betrayal of Matthew.

Usually, the preparation of his rod and lures and the fishing net would go smoothly but today it doesn't. He drops his tools more than once, having to start all over again, earning an occasional glance from Abby. The day of the *Hunt* approaches, he is sure of that. They have lived in this seclusion for too long. Besides, other omegas have talked of big, strong-looking alphas going in and out of the village.

His hand trembles as he thinks of the evening in which he was dragged before the soldiers and the village council along with other omegas while working on the lure and metal hook of his fishing rod.

He feels the stares of the men on him again as he lies on the ground, with his hands tied on his back, next to other omegas. He hears the laughter of the soldiers. He feels their hands groping his body and the boots on his butt, keeping him in place when he wants to get them

off. He hears the indifferent voice of Matthew, sees his indifferent face as he escorts him and Abigail away to the district behind the village.

Will's fist clenches tightly around the metal hook to stop the memories from haunting him again. The image of the lake, reflecting the merciless midday sun springs to his mind. He is grateful to have his rod and the little float that he has crafted from the logs that someone has left in his tent.

It has probably been a courtesy of Matthew who feels guilty about betraying him. The thought of him washing his hands clean out of it, stings.

I thought I could trust you. I loved you.

Will gasps as the sharp metal hook pierce through the skin of his thumb. Dark, thick blood drops to the sandy ground. He has to suppress a curse. "What's wrong, Daddy?" She asks. Worry and anxiety fill her ocean blue eyes. Will tilts his head and forces himself to smile. "Nothing, honey. Daddy didn't pay enough attention", he says, then turns away, trying to hide their anxiety. He sucks at the crimson drop and waits until the wound is closed.

He puts his half-finished rod aside, trying to steady his breathing. He has to be strong for Abigail who has just experienced the loss of her mother and father. Her parents were killed by some Spartan soldiers who have gone on a raid. Will had felt responsible and empathized with her. The day he returned to them with the little girl in his arms, shaking heavily, Matthew must have known something is off. This, and the fact he always refused to sleep with him.

A tear runs down his face and he bites on his lip to avoid making a distressed sound. He tilts his head away and hopes Abby doesn't notice the anguish. After some time, he manages to get his wooden rod and the fishing net ready and approaches the girl who sits on the ground and plays with herself.

Abigail plays with some pebble stones that she has collected. She draws circles as well as hearts on the dusty, crimson-brown, dry earth and lies the stones on the lines she has drawn. Sometimes she asks her old puppet for advice. Sensing that something is wrong, she stops and looks up at him with her big blue eyes. Will just puts up his mask again. The last thing he wants is her to panic. He needs her to be calm.

"Wanna go fishing with me?" He asks her in a gentle tone. He gave his best to sound normal and untroubled.

Abby nods and she gets up. Will takes his rod, the fishing net, and his self-made, wooden bucket from the ground. It is filled with some snacks and other stuff they need for the trip.

Dusk is about to set in when they come back. It has been a successful trip and they have caught a lot of fishes. Mostly trouts and some smaller fish as well as some urchins. He makes a little campfire with the last pieces of wood. Abby looks at him again, but he doesn't tell her what burdens his mind. That this day could be the last one. When she asks him, he smiles, though it carries sadness and resignation. Tomorrow everything may be different.

“You’re sad, Daddy,” she observes. “What’s wrong?”

“It’s nothing. Everything’s fine, Abby,” he answers, washing off the sweet seawater of the fishes, urchins and clams. But he doesn’t sound convincing at all.

“Are they going to take us away again?” Abby asks, all of a sudden, tearing Will out of his musing. “Is that why you are sad?”

Will freezes and drops one trout to the ground. Abby is a smart girl and has sensed that the way they live has changed. He pets her head and laughs. It is an artificial, hollow, and nervous laugh.

He guts and prepares the fish and the vegetables as he always does, but his heart is heavy. Where would Abby go? He doesn’t trust Matthew anymore. The beta Beverly is their only hope, but it is a far way. Besides, can he trust her? You’ll never know. But he swears he has to survive this. He plays with Abigail a little and talks to her puppet and pretends to feed a piece of fish, potato and the meat of an sea clam to her.

Having finished dinner, they watch the sunset together. At the sight of the blood-red sun disappearing on the horizon, Will’s stomach clenches. When the stars appear in the night sky, he shows Abigail some of those. “What are they, Daddy?” Abby asks, staring at one of the constellations.

“Some say, the gods have ascended to the sky and watch over us.”

“Wow”, Abby says, her jaw dropping in awe. “All of them?”

“Not all of them. But a lot of them,” Will replies, hoping he doesn’t conjure up the wrath of a god.

Abby yawns. “Oh, someone is tired, huh?” He teases her. “It’s time to go to bed, honey.”

He takes her into his arms and carries her back into their tent to get her ready for bed.

Will fetches a bucket with water and leaves the tent to give Abby some privacy to wash her body, before putting her on the little, improvised bed and covering her body with the only blanket they have. His bed is merely a tiny green linen rug. Will tells Abby a little made-up story, his imagination being rich and vast, and covers her with the only blanket they have. He smiles as he closes her eyes and her head lolls to the right side.

Will kneels on the little linen rug, folding his hands together, murmuring some words. He prays even though he never really believed in the Ancient Gods and rather in their absence. He prays to Athena and to Artemis to give him the speed and courage he needs. But Will isn't very optimistic about the outcome. When he falls asleep, his dreams are filled with fierce, red-eyed alphas catching up with him and tearing his lungs out of his body, while he is still breathing. He sweats and trembles and looks over to Abby, who still sleeps. He changes the tunic for another one and slips into the quiet of the lake in his mind.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

The hunt begins. Will fights for his life. When things get dire, he gets help from the alpha he fears the most.

Chapter Notes

Ok, here is a second chapter already 🐼
I think two chapters a day are doable :)

Warning:
Explicit rape in this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

On the next morning, the night has not even fully passed yet, the raised voices of soldiers, as well as the anguished cries and screams of other omegas render Will and Abby fully awake. He jolts up from the rug and sits up straight, rubbing his eyes. Footsteps approach their tent. Two men rip apart the beige fabric curtain, serving as the door to their tent, and enter. One is a rather broad, bald man with a prominent black moustache, a sturdy physique and beefy arms. The other soldier possesses a wiry, lean statue. A mop of red-brown curls frames his long, gaunt face. Dark, cold eyes look at Will in disgust.

“It’s time to get up, you scum”, the bald, beefy soldier shouts in a rough voice. Will complies, leaves the bed, and gets dressed and helps Abby out of her bed, too. He puts on one of the spare fresh clothes he has - a beige cotton tunic shirt, brown pants and a leather belt with a small pouch.

Understanding that Will would be taken away, Abby begins to whimper.

“May I say goodbye to her at least?” Will asks the soldiers in a cold tone.

They look at each other. “Be quick about it”, the bald soldier grunts.

Will uses the time wisely. He gives her a last chaste kiss on her forehead, rubs his finger at the nape of her neck, and purrs in an attempt to soothe her. “It’s fine,” he tells her, fighting to keep his voice from cracking and hold back his tears.

“I will come back. Go to Beverly. Promise me?” She bends her head. “I don’t want you to leave, Daddy.”

He grabs her shoulders. “Abby. I need you to listen to me.” She looks through the veil of tears. “Just as we have talked about”, he says. “You know the way, don’t you?” A timid nod. Will bows closer. “Behind the tent, there is a gap. You run through the grass until you reach the village. Call for Beverly, okay?”

From his pocket, Will withdraws a stone which he has found at the lake. A shiny, white pebble which has the shape of a heart. He presses it into her hand. “Everything will be fine.”

Abby nods, but the tears keep on falling.

“Enough of this.”

The beefy soldier yanks at his arm and drags him out of the tent. She screams, as the younger soldier grabs her. Abby wriggles out of his grip and bites into his wrist. The soldier yells and curses. Abby swiftly disappears through the gap at the back.

Will just hopes that Abigail has made it. He tries not to look too often to the side behind the fence. When he does, his attentive eyes detect long, brown hair in the dry, parched high-grown grass and he smiles.

There is hope.

The man drags him across the district through the large wooden gate towering above the defence walls, over to the square of the village then out of the village again to the entrance to a forest with bushes and cypress trees where the omega hunt usually starts and people gather together. The audience has already assembled there. A cacophony of pleading, crying and chatting echoes over the place. Bitter, sour pheromones of fear, anxiety and grief mingle and reach Will’s nose. There are some younger omegas and a few around his age. Will is relieved, when the soldier, stinking of ale and sweat finally lets him go and goes away.

Will swallows as he sees the younger omegas. All frightened young boys, with the exception of a young adolescent man of his age, looking exactly like him and a plump omega with a beard. He knows the younger ones won’t stand a chance to survive the beginning. The Gods only know, who of them all have a chance. Behind them, some yards away, the alphas begin to form a line.

Will’s heartbeat speeds up at the sight of the alphas standing there. They are tall, well-trained, muscular, and it is obvious that they are simply superior in speed and strength to omegas. Some of them are dressed in their warrior armor, wearing silver breastplates and even helmets with red crests. Other alphas only wear tunics and leather trousers, while another didn’t bother with that, exposing their chests, only wearing short leather pants with a leather belt attached to it, and sandals.

Among the alphas stands Hannibal, the leader of the military force. He despises the barbaric hunt a little, and has never claimed an omega of the hunt in the past. He only takes part to

maintain his position among the other alphas and not be subjected to scorn. Usually, Hannibal prefers to hunt rude alphas and betas. They are usually the better and more entertaining prey. Hurting an omega is not entertaining for him.

The fights don't pose a great challenge and he can draw no pleasure from harming enemies unable to defend themselves. No one of the omegas had ever been interesting or old enough. Yet again, he has to participate in this annual event to maintain his face and cloud the suspicion that he is the murderer of alphas and feasting on flesh.

He stands in the line, having to endure the obscene conversation of Clark, Tobias, Mason. They already discuss which omega would be worth claiming and breeding ("Do you see that one over there. He looks just fine. Looks like he had the best assets for breeding," Mason snickers). Hannibal wants to tear them apart for their lack of decency but they are renowned alphas and he has to be careful for not drawing attention to himself. Maybe the day is today. When Mason elbows him, pulling him back into the conversation, and asks about his omega of choice, Hannibal sees Will.

For the first time, he gets intrigued in this pathetic hunt, when he sees how beautiful the omega is with the wonderful curls framing the most enthralling face he has ever seen. Hannibal finds him the most flawless omega he has seen in years with his curly hair and piercing blue eyes. It is tempting. Mason notices that and grins. "Good taste, but I'm afraid this little thing is mine. Go choose another one."

Hannibal wants to rip off Mason's head already. Patience, he tells himself. He gives the vile man a forced smile.

In the distance, Will clenches his jaw as he sees the hungry and lustful stares of the alphas on him after Anthony, one of the few elder omegas, looking astonishingly like a twin version of him with his blue eyes, the jawlines and the wiry body, points it out. The alphas gathered are the most renowned ones of the village and the military.

"Mason keeps omegas for breeding", Anthony warns him. "You shouldn't fall into his hands, if I were you."

Will's gaze then meets the eyes of an alpha he doesn't recognize. A tall man with long braided grey hair, clothed in light brown leather armor. "That's Hannibal the Cannibal", Anthony says. A mischievous glow lies in the omega's blue-grey eyes. "They say he eats his victims alive and rips the heart out first."

"Is that true?" Will asks, with a rather sceptic expression.

"Well...it's a rumour," Anthony elaborates, shrugging. "Just as in legends there is always a core to the truth." He winks at Will.

Will shifts the gaze back to Hannibal, who still stares at him. He holds the gaze for a moment longer. The maroon eyes scare but also captivate him. For whatever reason, slick forms in his pants and he shifts his gaze away. Why does he react to a blood-lusting monster like that? Anthony smells the pheromones of arousal coming off him. "That's quite an interesting

reaction ", Anthony says with a light chuckle and raises his eyebrows. Will swallows. Slick would attract the alphas almost immediately to him.

The sound of boots digging into the stony ground, on which they stand, make them flinch. Both omegas resume their position quickly, pretending nothing has happened. "Stand in line and get ready," the sturdy, bald soldier, who has dragged Will out of the tent, bellows. A young man with short brown hair hands the omegas their weapons - daggers, arrows, and bows. A little courtesy but everyone knows the weapons are useless.

When the man comes closer, Will flings a nasty look at the soldier with the short, smooth hair and the striking blue-grey eyes as he recognizes Matthew. He puts all his hatred and anger into the gaze. The young beta doesn't say anything and simply hands him the pouch with arrows, the daggers, and the bow. Will is angry and wants to say something, but he knows, if he steps out of line again, he is a goner.

A tribal, rhythmic drumming resounds in the distance. It begins slow, before it speeds up and becomes louder and angrier. Will knows the Hunt is about to begin any moment. Some omegas cry and look over to their parents. Mothers want to comfort their sons. The soldiers don't let them through and push them back. Will's eyes roam over the crowd. He can't spot Abigail nor Beverly. Numbness washes over him. Maybe there is even a chance that Beverly spares her the sight.

The loud horn behind him indicates the hunt begins. Will hasn't got any more time to waste. "Good luck," Anthony tells him and pats his shoulder. Then he is off, into the forest. He is fast for an omega. Will now starts to run, too intending to catch up with Anthony. The wind stings his face and stones dig into his thin, shoddy sandals. His feet hurt but he ignores it. He thinks about Abby all the time.

The thought about protecting her gives him speed and energy to thrive. He ignores the stinging in his ribs, the aching of his knees and the growls of the alphas behind him. Soon he sees the silhouette of Anthony in front of him and he catches up. He overtakes a plump and slow omega with brown curly hair, who is puffing, already being exhausted from the short run. "Please, wait. Help me."

Will wants to help the poor omega but his survival instincts tell him not to. It would be his certain death. He shakes his head, ignores the yelp, and runs on. Will nearly stumbles over a thick root and he has to grit his teeth to avoid making a pitiful noise. A high-pitched scream indicates that the man behind him hasn't survived.

Desperation seizes him as he hears the yelps and whines of other omegas in the distance and the growls coming closer. He shudders at the thought of what would happen. The rustling of leaves and a guttural growl coming from the left tears him out of his thoughts. He looks at a tree next to him. Best to climb a tree now.

Hannibal watches the young omega disappear into the forest and begins his hunt. Tobias, Mason, and Clark are to his left. It is a disadvantage for him that they fight together. Behind him, an alpha called Francis follows him, too. Hannibal has to be smart. He can't fight all of them at the same time, even though he takes pride in his strength.

First of all, he needs to catch Will's scent. Right now they are a mess. Lots of fear pheromones mingle with each other, making the omegas unrecognizable. Once he remembers it, it will be difficult for the omega to stay hidden for long. Possessiveness fuels him. The omega is his prize, his alone. He will find a way to shed off the others. Hannibal delves deeply into the forest, searching for the silhouette of his desired omega.

The alphas begin to spread in the forest. Hannibal follows the first alpha, who is about to rape a young boy, and slashes his throat with a hunting knife. A young boy looks up at him in fear. It's not Will.

"Climb up a tree and stay there for a while", Hannibal growls. The boy nods and does as he says.

Then Hannibal moves on. He discovers Mason and Clark discussing something avidly. Hannibal hides behind a tree. Clark growls at Mason, then heads into another direction. A hunch tells him to follow Clark. He waits until Mason has gone on and creeps through the bushes.

Will has found a perfect fir tree to hide. It would give him a good overview over the situation. He is climbing upwards, reaching the first branch with some effort when something pulls at his feet. He yelps when he is dragged down from the tree with a lot of force. He kicks desperately and must have had success for the attacker growls and retreats for a moment. Will drops to the ground. His hand clutches the dagger in his pocket. Rage seizes him and makes his body shake. He hates the alphas.

Will tosses his bow and arrow aside as they are useless and uncomfortable now. Will gets up and wants to kill his attacker with his dagger, but the alpha with the bloodied nose has recovered from the moment of surprise. In the spur of the moment, he overwhelms Will with his brute use of strength and slams him down onto the cold ground. Will wrestles and kicks but to no avail.

Will's chest heaves and falls. No, no, this isn't supposed to end like this. The alpha looks down on him with a friendly but creepy smile. He has short black hair, ice-cold black eyes now filled with a tinge of red. The face of a creepy monster. "You're mine now, omega", he tells Will in a smooth tone. "There's no escape."

"No, I'm not," he grits out. "Never!" He reaches for the dagger with his left hand but the alpha sees this, knocks it out of his hand, and holds the blade to his throat. Will feels the sharp blade sinking slightly into the skin. "I will cut your throat if you're not a good boy."

His other hand opens the leather belt, tosses it to the earth, then opens the strap of his pants and pulls them down, before moving on to Will's. Will stills and looks away. He's unable to move, feeling as if he has turned to stone as the alpha begins to undress him, planning to take him here and there. Once finished, the alpha lifts his legs over his shoulder, ready to thrust into him. Will knows it's going to hurt and it's going to be rough.

All he wants is to escape to the pond, where he always sat, to fish. He closes his eyes to be as far away from reality as possible, but the alpha grips his face. "Look at me, omega

whore.”Through a veil of tears, Will looks up at the alpha. He just wants to die here on this spot. The alpha begins to move above him and fuck him. He presses a hand to Will’s mouth to keep him quiet.

Everything hurts. It burns when the alpha moves inside him, even though Will’s body has produced some slick. It feels wrong as if the body knows it’s not a bond formed through love but violence.

All of a sudden, the alpha stops in his movements. He chokes on blood as a blade pierces his throat. Just in time, Will tilts his head away to not get hurt by the pointed head of the sharp silver blade. The alpha’s eyes widen. He falls on Will, his hands reaching up to his throat. A few moments later he’s dead. Will looks up, into the maroon eyes of the man he knows as *Hannibal the Cannibal*.

Chapter End Notes

Ok, the next two chapters follow tomorrow - Friday, January 22.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal the Cannibal begin to bond.

Chapter Notes

Warning:

Graphic depiction of violence and cannibalism in this chapter.

Will disentangles and rearranges his hurting legs and manages to get the alpha's cock out of his body. Luckily he hasn't knotted him yet. Hannibal drags the corpse of Clark away from Will with a grunt. The body drops to the muddy ground with a soft *thud*. Will trembles. Despite the weight being lifted off his body, he can't move. The shock still controls his body. "You have to get up," Hannibal says to him. "We don't have all day. Some of them are still around." Taking a deep breath to inhale the pheromones. "Shall I help you?"

Will nods and accepts the alpha's help. He wraps his arms around the alpha's neck. Hannibal wraps his arm around his back and pushes up, providing support until Will manages to stand on his trembling, wobbly legs. Blood spatters graces his clothes and his face. He freezes, although it is humid.

Instinctively, he wraps his arms around his body. Will still avoids looking up at the alpha and waits for further commands. His trembling subsides, as Hannibal's soothing pheromones, smelling of the sweetest honey, reach out to him. "Easy", Hannibal purrs and strokes the nape of his neck repeatedly until the jerking stops.

"Are you alright now?" Hannibal asks, more gently.

Will nods, still not daring to look up at his savior. Hannibal senses that the omega is still under shock and doesn't prod him further and keeps stroking his neck. But Will gets calmer, the more he inhales the alpha's pheromones.

"What's your name, beautiful boy?" He asks.

"Will," he says quietly. A faint shade of pink graces his face.

Hannibal lets go and proceeds to pick up the scattered weapons which Will has lost in the battle with Clark, and thrusts them into his hands. Will manages to catch them at the last moment. "My name is Hannibal, as you might know already, and I will take care of you later. Now, we have to be prepared for other enemies", he says to him. "Take your weapons. Do as I say. We'll get some unpleasant company very soon."

Knowing he has no other choice, Will does as he is told and puts on the bag with arrows and pulls up his brown pants again, even though they were torn. He feels stained, dirty and so ashamed for having been touched and ruined, even though he knows it's not his fault.

"Try not to think so much about it", Hannibal says. Will bobs his head and shifts his attention back to the scent. Hannibal smells good and that their pheromones match. The alpha's scent is enticing. Musky but not too musky. He also smells of wood and smoke and honey. Will likes the combination. He wants to say something, wants to nuzzle in his strong arms for comfort again, but the anticipated company, two alphas, interrupts them.

"Well, well, well what have we here ", a snarling, nasal voice speaks. Hannibal turns around to face Mason, the blond alpha with the piggish face. Behind him, his companion Tobias steps out of the shadow. Both alphas' breastplates are coated with the blood of their victims. Wet spots of cum stain their pants. A cold shiver runs down Will's spine. He imagines how the omegas must have suffered before finding their death. Or worse. Screams and trembling bodies fill his mind again. Mason notices his fear and smirks at him.

"Give him to us," Tobias says in his deep, smooth voice. His dark eyes flash up menacingly. "If you do as we say, you will not come to any harm. We won't tell anyone that you killed two fellow alphas." He knows that killing alphas can be seen as treachery.

Hannibal tenses and brings his body into a threatening pose. His muscles tense. He lowers his head. A disgusted twitch rushes over his face. His eyes immediately change to crimson red. "He's mine", Hannibal growls. His hand wraps around the grip of his curved hunting knife. Tobias also unfolds a pocket knife and bares his sharp canine teeth. "I am going to destroy you," he threatens Hannibal.

Will pulls back and leans against the broad trunk of the fir tree behind him. He has been so afraid of Hannibal, a part of him still is, but he also wants him to succeed. He feels that this alpha would be better and kinder to him. Will is actually more scared of the other two alphas than of Hannibal in this very moment.

Hannibal grabs his curved hunting knife with and lunges forward. The alphas clash with each other like feral wolves. Used to battling two opponents, Hannibal whirls around. He ducks, dodges the attacks of both alphas. Will watches the fight with awe. His fist hits Mason's windpipe, while kicking after Tobias. Mason stumbles back, holding his throat.

Mason watches the deadly dance of Hannibal unfolding in front of his eyes and waits for his chance before he tears Hannibal to the ground. The alphas roll over the ground, stabbing, biting, and snarling like wild beasts. Hannibal blocks Tobias' hand and pushes the hunting knife into his carotid artery. Panting heavily, he pulls the hand back, stabs it into Tobias' shoulder. The alpha howls loudly as a stream of blood spurts out. Hannibal breaks his nose with a harsh punch. He slams him down to the ground and tightens the grip around his neck.

He's about to end him, before Mason pulls him away, his knife piercing Hannibal's exposed shoulder. Hannibal cries in pain. Horrified at seeing Hannibal losing control, Will figures, he needs to do something. He retrieves an arrow and shoots at Mason. It finds its destination and gets stuck in his armor, but it doesn't seem to hurt him.

Will pulls at the bow, aims and shoots another one at his chest. Mason looks up and snarls in anger. Will dashes forward towards Mason and stabs him with the blunt knife, but he misses. "No, get off", Will snarls again. "You cunt", Mason growls. Mason breaks his bow, overwhelms him, and holds him in a headlock. Will smells the repugnant foul alpha musk on his neck. Whines escape his throat. He struggles against the tight grip, but in vain.

"Hannibal," he gasps, kicking and struggling hard, but the headlock in which Mason keeps him is way too tight.

"Stop moving, you little bitch," Mason snarls.

Hannibal twists Tobias' neck. Bones crack. He drops him to the ground and turns around. He growls as he is aware of his future mate being strangled by Mason.

Mason lets out a loud guttural growl as he sees Tobias' dead body on the ground and tightens his grip. The sight of his dead friend fills his eyes with crimson fury.

"Let us just discuss this matter like civilized persons, shall we. More civilized than what you just did," he growls.

Hannibal struts forward with heavy, menacing steps. He licks away Tobias' blood running down along the corners of his mouth. "I don't think there is anything to talk about. Let him go, Mason."

Will's struggles with the lack of air, but he clutches the handle of the knife tightly and pulls it slowly upwards. He can't and won't go down here. He is not weak!

"Let him go", Hannibal growls again, his eyes a blazing, angry red.

"Go away or I'll kill him!" Mason spits back and tightens his grip around his throat even further.

Color leaves Will's face as his airway is cut off. His lips are turning blue. In a few seconds, he is about to lose consciousness. If he doesn't act now, everything will be lost and Abby will be grieving again. He takes it as a cue to stab his attacker. Will pulls out the knife and buries it in Mason's cheek with all the force he can muster.

Mason howls in pain. Blood gushes out of his cheek. The pain that jolts through Mason's cheek makes him slacken his grip, enabling Will to slip away. Will inhales the fresh, cool forest air and steps away from Mason. Hannibal throws a short, pleased glance at him and lets out a satisfied growl.

What a cunning boy this omega is.

Mason pulls the knife out and wants to attack Will again. "You little whore," he screams.

Hannibal reacts just in time. He storms forward with a feral growl and pulls Mason away from Will before he can harm the omega. He drags Mason to the ground with him. They scratch and bite each other and roll over the soft, muddy earth, sinking their claws into the skin. Both alphas are bleeding but feral in their wrath. They both want to win their fight so desperately.

When Mason is on top and is about to sink his sharp claws into Hannibal's chest, Will comes instinctively to Hannibal's aid. He doesn't want to be bred like livestock and never sees the daylight again, although he doesn't know what fate would befall him if he submits to Hannibal. He looks around frantically for a better weapon to use. His pulse races.

Will finds a heavy stone, lifts it from the ground and smashes it at Mason's head with its full force, rendering him unconscious - or dead. He doesn't know. The red bubbly juice flows from the wound at the back of his head.

Hannibal pants and pushes Mason off him. His eyes are still crimson red. Seeing that the alpha is still enraged, Will takes some steps back - to not fall victim to him instead. But Hannibal pays him no attention. Snarling, Hannibal makes a cut from the sternum to the abdomen with his claws and tears the heart out. Blood gushes out. Mason's eyes retreat into his skull. A terrible sight to behold. Mason's body jerks a few times before it falls to the ground again.

Will watches how he cuts into the chest of the defeated alpha, slicing deeply through the rib cage, through muscle tissue and fat before ripping out of his still-beating heart. His victim twitches one last time. Piss pools between his legs. The omega is terrified, his legs are about to give out, but he can't take his eyes off him when Hannibal chews on the junks of raw meat and the thick, blood paints his face in a deep crimson red. He is glad that Hannibal spares him that fate, but Will doesn't want to imagine what happens when the cannibal decides differently.

Feeling Will's gaze on him, Hannibal finally turns around, looking feral with the blood smeared on his face and his hands. He makes an inviting gesture with his free hand and holds the heart of Mason out to him. Will hesitates at first. When he doesn't react, the alpha growls menacingly, leaving the omega no choice but to obey before he would be his next victim. His body acts on his own accord and he settles down next to Hannibal who hands him the leftovers.

Will's heartbeat quickens. His stomach turns upside down at the thought of consuming raw flesh from the dead alpha's body. But he feels the burning stare of Hannibal's maroon eyes and so he sinks his teeth into the meat, trying not to think of what it is. For the first time, Will notices how starved he is and he digs in and feasts on it, even if he finds the taste and consistency of the raw organ repugnant at first.

Hannibal lets out a pleased purr at seeing his omega accepting the offered meat. When Will has sated his hunger he hands the remains of the heart back to Hannibal who finishes and tosses the remains into the dark green thicket. Then he takes out a knife and cuts the lungs out of Mason, stripes of meat from his thighs, and puts it into another leather pouch.

Next to them is thankfully a small, shallow, burbling stream with clear, fresh water. Hannibal crouches over and washes the blood off him and takes care of his wounds. They aren't too serious, he has been lucky, but he has to clean them as well as he can. Will approaches the little stream, too and washes himself. He rinses off the blood, the scent of the other alpha. Will wants to feel clean and pure again. Hannibal keeps his gaze away, which Will approves of. They don't speak as they clean their bodies.

They settle next to each other on the soggy earth, using the moment of peace to recover. Up high in the fir trees and cypresses, some birds sing their songs. Will feels how heat dampens his torn pants and runs down his thigh as their shoulders brush together.

Hannibal gets up, smells the air, and listens attentively for any warning signs of a coming ambush. There's no imminent dangerous alpha near them. He can't scent Francis. The only scent he smells is the wet earth and Will's potent, luring scent. The only sound he hears is the singing blackbirds up high, hidden away in the safety of the fir. The cries in the distance and the fighting have waned. Most alphas have satisfied their lust - or were killed in the fights. When he's finished checking out their surroundings, he turns to Will again who's still sitting on the soft earth, recovering his strength.

The alpha feels that the omega will go into heat soon. Hannibal inhales the sweet, exotic scent of ripe fruits. It's the exquisite aroma of pre-heat. They'll have to hurry with mating and claiming as he doesn't want to spend it here, attracting another alpha. But Hannibal also wants him now. The lingering bitter stench of the other alpha on Will drives him insane. He checks the surroundings. They can't mate there in the open, in case someone would be attracted to their scent.

Hannibal's eyes wander over the slope. Soon he finds what he is looking for. Not far from them is a little place to hide - a tiny, shallow cave. Hannibal turns to Will. "Come with me", he tells him. "I found a good place for us to rest."

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Will's bond deepens. They make love in the forest.

Chapter Notes

Some (gentle) smut in this chapter. It gets better for them from this point on, I promise.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Will gives Hannibal a pointed look. He is reluctant to move. The sound of water has had a calming effect on his mind. Sighing, he brushes off the dirt, some ants and bugs, stretches his arms and legs before he follows the alpha to the little cave on the slope on the other side of the trodden path. It's not deep, and there is no sign of a wolf or a bear. It is a little refuge created by nature. The ground is covered with moist, wet leaves, stones, and some moss. Will sits down again, looking at Hannibal in expectation.

Hannibal ducks, as to avoid hitting his head against the cave, unbuckles the leather belt on his pants and pulls his pants down, then removes the leather armor which exposes his broad chest. His eyes flicker over Will in unbridled lust. "You know what I will do next. I have to claim and scent-mark you before we return to the village", he tells the omega. "To avoid that other alphas will claim you."

A lump forms in Will's throat. Will's hands get clammy. But he doesn't feel as repulsed as when the other alpha assaulted him in the forest. Hannibal is nice to him. Besides, the sight of the gorgeous, grey-haired chest makes his cock strain hard against his pants. His eyes slide down and lands on his cock. Hannibal has a big cock, even for alpha standards. More slick gushes out of his ass and runs down his thighs when he takes in every detail of his splendid body.

Will does as Hannibal tells him and disposes of his thin cotton tunic and pants. Hannibal comes closer and admires his nude body - his perfect Omegan stature - a wiry, lean body but not too petite or frail. There is some strength hidden in the biceps and in his marvellous calves from daily labors or running away. Hannibal finds that enticing. He doesn't want to have frail little creature. He has never wanted a weak, breakable thing. The light breeze makes Will shudder again. Soon, the tiny hair on his skin stands up. Not from the cold or fear, but the possessive fingers of Hannibal running down his back until they reach his butt.

“You smell like another alpha,”he grunts into his ear. “I can’t have that.” Dread rises within Will. A whimper escapes him and he can’t breathe or move.The flashing maroon eyes make him think of the other alpha.

Feeling Will’s fear and tension, Hannibal wraps his arms around him and presses him to his chest. His scent glands spread out another batch of enticing pheromones to ground his omega. The omega moves his head curtly to signal a nod, then falls into his arms, inhaling the calming scent coming off the alpha. Before he can control it, he sobs and lets out the pain and fear he feels from the previous attack and the murder they just committed.

Hannibal hugs him tighter so that Will can listen to his heartbeat.“I will be gentler and it will be quick,” he promises and pets Will’s tense back then pets his brown curls and plants a kiss on his head. “You have been a good boy. I don’t like to use violence against omegas. Please understand that.”

Will dares to raise his eyes up at him with, gives a curt nod then nuzzles in the arms of his alpha for some moments longer, listening to the steady beat of his heart before stepping back, calm enough to go on with it.

“I-I’ ’m ready.”

Hannibal hands him the spare clothes which he had worn to the hunt to shelter the omega from the cold of the wet moss growing on the earth.

“Lay down on your back and spread your legs,” the alpha demands gently in his raspy voice.

Will obeys, unfolds Hannibal’s clothes on the ground, and kneels on them. They are still warm and full of his musky, woodsy scent which he finds pleasant. He lies down on his back and spreads as Hannibal has told him to. His body is still stiff from the anxiety and tension. He looks at his impressive, big, and thick, uncut Alpha cock and swallows a bit in worry and excitement at the same time. His cock curves slightly upward - the perfect cock to give an omega the ultimate pleasure.

With pleased, guttural Alpha purrs, Hannibal settles down between his legs. Will prepares for the violent intrusion and grabs a fistful of moss beneath him in case it hurts. He whines. The alpha transforms into the attacker at first. “Easy now, my omega,” Hannibal says in his calming voice and kisses Will. “Remember to breathe.” He draws his nose over the crook of his neck until Will’s erratic breathing slows to a deep, controlled one and the tension seeps out of his body.

Instead of hurrying on with mating immediately, Hannibal crouches down between his legs and moves his tongue around the sensitive head of Will’s smaller cock, licking up the drop of precum.

Will gasps as Hannibal stimulates him this way. Never before has he experienced such bliss, as the danger of being discovered has always been too high.

To Will it feels better than expected. He has taken a large leap of faith by allowing Hannibal to do this to him after the attack. The bad attack from before starts to fade away. It is the most

satisfying experience he has ever had in his life. The gentle licking and sucking at his cock drives him to the edge. Never before has anyone touched him this tenderly and adored him that way. Hannibal pops in and out of vision. A fog settles over his eyes. His mind drifts away in the sea of lust.

One or two satisfied moans resound in the cave. Will presses his lips together, but it is too late. A knowing smile makes its way on Hannibal's face. He takes Will's cock deeper into his mouth. Occasionally, he keeps checking the surroundings with his attentive senses, but there's still no sign of the younger alpha, Francis, or any other foe. So he continues in introducing the young omega to pleasure

The omega bucks up his hips and thrusts harder into Hannibal's mouth, eager to reach his climax. Usually, Hannibal would have not tolerated his mate to climax so early, but the omega needs to relax and see that mating is not something to be afraid of. Besides, the back arch, exposing the swan neck, and the twitching of his marvelous legs are an exquisite sight to witness.

The experience is a delightful one, even bordering on divine and spiritual. It is as if Adonis has ascended from the heavens where the god resides and now graces the earth with another visit.

Hannibal swallows the whole length and enjoys the soft, tempting moans and groans coming out of Will's mouth. He enjoys every drop of precum leaking out of Will's cock and the taste of the syrupy slick running down the magnificent thighs. Despite the danger lurking around them, he takes his time and gives the omega what he longs for. He also wants to enjoy what is being served to him at this moment. What follows after is to be dealt with soon.

At one point, his finger probes against Will's entrance in a teasing way and he works Will open. His left-hand slides over Will's cock. It moves up and down in a gentle rhythm. At the same time, his finger dive into the slick hole and draws a circle. Hannibal feels the muscles tightening around his finger. He moves inside Will, steadily thrusting deeper and deeper to locate the prostate gland. "You are doing so well", he praises his mate with a smile. "Good omega."

"Please", the omega begs in his cracking voice. His hand reaches out to Hannibal and tugs at his braided hair.

"What are you pleading for?" Hannibal teases him. Two more digits find their way into Will and join the onslaught against his prostate.

"I-I need you, Hannibal", he whines.

He looks up at Hannibal with his pleading, blue eyes that have tinge of gold in them.

"But you have me already", he says, chuckling. He noses in Will's pubic hair and enjoys the scent of it. Will clenches and unclenches his fist while fucking himself harder on Hannibal's fingers.

"Your...Your knot," Will whines. "And I want you to bite me."

The last seal of self-restraint within the alpha cracks and Hannibal gives his mate what he desires. Gently he lines up his cock against the entrance and pushes in slowly.

Oh, Aphrodite has meant it well with him, Hannibal thinks. Will is perfect in every way. Every single thrust that he makes is blissful. His hole is perfectly tight and takes his cock well.

Of course, he pays attention to the omega. He watches out for every twitch on his face, for other signs of distress. This should be a pleasurable experience for the omega.

When Will holds his breath for a second and his stiffens again, Hannibal stops in his movement. "Will?" He asks, concern flickering over his face. "Should I stop?"

"N-no," Will says. He tries so hard to will it all away. He doesn't want the experience to taint the lovemaking with Hannibal. "Go on..you're just so big. "

Hannibal undulates his hips again. He wipes some bugs and ants crawling though Will's hair and keeps moving. His right hand entwines with Will's hand.

"Stay with me."

"Where else would I go?"

The alpha brings his lips down to draw him into another passionate kiss. He loves tasting the sweet lips over and over again. Will moans into his mouth and cups his face into his hand. Hannibal keeps up a gentle, slow speed.

In the wilderness, witnessed by the birds, foxes and doest, they consummate their love and seal their bond. They drift into the ocean of love and bliss, ignoring the environment for a little while.

Chapter End Notes

That's two chapters for today.

More will come this weekend.

Enjoy the weekend! Stay safe.

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Will tells Hannibal about how he discovered Abigail. Hannibal has some flashbacks, too.

Chapter Notes

Some tender moments and flashbacks of Hannibal's and Will's past.

Once Hannibal's knot has deflated, they separate and drop to the ground, even though the ants bite and the stings burn into their back. Will shifts his body closer to Hannibal and clings to him. Hannibal thinks he can't deny his new mate a short rest and so he doesn't move or prompt him to. Will rests his head on Hannibal's blazing, sweat-coated chest and breathes in the scent of his new mate, listening to the alpha's slowing heart beat, toying with the grey chest hairs. Hannibal shifts a hand through the soaked, chocolate curls. A deep, pleased purr rumbles from their chests.

The closeness and the post-coital hormones bring Will a haze of happiness. He could fall asleep right there. Hannibal plants a kiss on Will's curls and gently rubs the omega's back with his hands. Will watches the little bugs and red ants crawling over the soggy maple and oak leaves next to them. His thoughts wander back to his little Abby and worry creeps back into his mind. Is she safe? Has she found Beverly? If not..he has abandoned her once again. To an uncertain fate, depending on her gender.

Hannibal must have sensed his uneasiness and the sadness of his mate, for he stills the little massage. "You are lost in thoughts," he remarks. Will nods, avoiding his gaze. He nuzzles into the crook of his neck instead. Hannibal's maroon eyes follow him as he does that. "You don't want to share them with me?" He asks, putting his forehead into a frown, sounding almost insulted.

Will takes a deep breath, knowing that he should tell his alpha what is bothering him. His hand digs into the earth and grabs a fistful of the muddy earth and small stones in it. "I...I was thinking about Abby", he confesses.

Hannibal purses his lips. Has Will already had a child? He hasn't discovered another mating scar on his neck. Hannibal has thought that Will is a virgin. His thumb swirls around the neck of Will, pushing back the frizzy hair but there is only the reddened scar which he has left on him.

“Is she your..?”

Will tosses the earth aside and dares to direct his gaze back at Hannibal. “No,” he says. He untangles his right leg from Hannibal’s, sits up and begins to tell the story. Whether by accident or on purpose, pictures of Will’s story find their way into Hannibal’s brain.

Scorching flames spread throughout a village close set at the cerulean Aegean Sea. People run back and forth, grabbing their belongings, absolutely terrified by the invasion of the strange soldiers. Horses neigh. The spears and swords of the soldiers sitting on the horses slaughter the men, trying to defend their families. A devastating sight. The scene shifts to a house.

Soldiers bang up the door, destroy it and enter. A scream pierces the air. Hannibal sees two corpses of alpha and beta lying next to each other on the ground floor of the ruined house and a crying, little child, sitting next to it, in a puddle of blood gushing out of the deep slash wounds of their chests. The child has auburn hair, wide blue-eyes, and wind-chafed skin.

She reminds him so much of his sister Mischa.

The cries are devastating in Hannibal’s ears.

So much of it reminds him of his past.

Abby soon turns to Mischa in front of his eyes. Brown, smooth hair transforms into dark blonde curly ones. Blue turns into amber, glowing eyes.

His sister screams as a soldier, Grutas, wields the axe and Hannibal just watches in terror; chained up to a chair, how she dies in front of his eyes.

Oh, Mischa. How I miss you.

He snaps out of his memories and shifts his attention back to Will’s story.

Someone runs past the house. A few moments later, the boy comes back when he hears the cries of the child. Hannibal watches Will entering the house, hurrying over the hard dirt, the burning wood of the door, and immediately finds the source of the cries. The omega lifts Abigail and runs out again.

The picture fades as Will’s story comes to an end.

“And that is...how I found her,” Will concludes, his voice shaking and trembling. “I-I had to leave her alone when this..hunt began.” Hot tears form in his eyes.

The tremors of his body are so bad now that Hannibal pulls him closer to his chest again. His scent glands produce more calming sweet pheromones.

“I promise that I will look for her when we are back”, Hannibal tells him. “I do have some influence now that I have killed one of the most threatening influences.”

Will peaks up at his mate with widened eyes. “You would do that?” He asks in an incredulous tone.

Hannibal gives him a decisive nod and wipes away his tears running down the cheeks.

“Of course,” he says and plants kisses over his face. “She means a lot to you and reminds me of the time when I had to abandon my sister.”

“Had to?”

A sad smile appears on Hannibal’s face. “She died long ago. Under similar circumstances.”

Compassion and pity washes over Will’s face. Through his empathy he feels the long-held anger and bitterness of his lover. Mischa isn’t the reason why he has become so violent, but it may be one of the many catalysts.

“I’m very sorry, Hannibal”, Will says quietly and now kisses Hannibal’s face to comfort him.

The alpha inhales the wave of delicious, mouth-watering fruity fragrance coming off Will and enjoys the kisses.

Hannibal gives the omega a genuine smile. “It is in the past. What matters now is the future.” He pauses and sits up. A fierce glint appears in his maroon eyes. “What do you say? Shall we go back and find your sister?”

“Yeah,” Will says fiercely and growls. It is not as threatening as an Alpha growl, but it does imply anger and decisiveness. He bares his omega fangs for the first time. Hannibal is enraptured by the sight of his mate’s fangs. There is potential in his omega and he is proud of it.

Will lets go of his lover, who falls back to the ground with a grunt and searches for his spare clothes.

Hannibal chuckles at the abrupt decisiveness and flash of energy and gets up, too, then brushes off the dirt off his sticky body. His own clothes are dirty now, but he doesn’t care. It has been important that Will doesn’t freeze here in the cool forest.

“There is one thing that I should do,” Hannibal says and swallows when they have both put on their spare clothes and have drank some water and eaten some of the stripes of meat.

Will’s eyes dart back to him. “What do you have to do?” He asks, suspicion swinging in his voice.

Hannibal fetches something from the simple round brown bag, made of animal skin, that still rests on the floor. After fetching the items he flung the bag over his shoulders. A collar and two ropes. He holds it out to Will who looks a little bit taken aback.

“I need to show the inhabitants that you are mine,” Hannibal says quietly. “When it’s over, I’ll release you again.

Will takes a deep breath. After all, the outcome of the hunt could have been a lot worse for him. And for Abby, he would bear this humiliation. It's not that he hasn't gone through that before.

The omega steps closer to Hannibal. "Ok," he says loudly, holding out his hands with a determined expression on his face. "Do it. Nudge me and pull at the rope if it seems necessary." A crooked, wicked smile appears on his face.

Hannibal purrs. He places the light-brown leather collar around his throat, adjusts a leash to it and ties another rope around his wrist. Only loosely so that Will can pull it off, in case someone will attack them.

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

They return to the village. On the way back they meet Francis who has captured Anthony.

He nudges Will down the slope, through bushes, directs him over small, tricky paths, covered with roots and stones. They go with slow, measured steps, as not to make Will stumble over the roots of the trees. Their feet barely make a sound. Hannibal clutches the short sword attached to his leather skirt, ever ready to stick it into an attacker. He is wary of their surroundings, as he still hasn't seen Francis anywhere, but except for the chirping of birds and some squirrels running up the trees, it is silent. The other hunters, except for his colleagues, Mason, Tobias, and Clark, must have returned to the village to present their omegas.

Hannibal considers the outcome of the hunt. People fear him, even Jack. Or especially Jack. At worst, the people would gossip about the deaths of three alphas. In the end, the whole village would be relieved to get rid of them. The betas would approve to get control back and some families would be happy to see the abducted omegas again once he has talked to Jack and the remaining people in the circle. People would respect him even more and he would get more influence.

The sudden appearance of two silhouettes coming up the slope in the forest makes Hannibal halt abruptly. "Ouch," Will hisses, rubbing at his throat, giving his alpha an angry glare. "Be quiet", Hannibal growls and pulls at the rope attached to the collar.

They wait with bated breath for the alpha to show up. Hannibal lets go of the collar and positions himself in front of him. Will clutches his dagger tightly, ready to attack. Hannibal leans forward, hunching his shoulders.

Soon, the silhouettes grow sharper and reveal an alpha escorting a captured omega back to the main path.

Will's eyes widen when he recognizes the shape of Anthony, the omega who has tipped him off. Anthony isn't in good shape. Several bite marks and bloody flesh wounds grace his delicate, tanned chest and thin arms. His arms are tied together, Will notices. There are wounds of whips on his back. His breathing comes out ragged and he barely manages to keep himself on two feet. The alpha pushing him forward is a tall and muscular alpha with short black hair, piercing blue eyes, and a flamboyant, colourful tattoo of a dragon on his bare chest.

Taking in the sight of injured Anthony, Will is furious and wants to kill the other alpha for hurting him, but Hannibal grips him by his collar. “Don’t!”

Having noticed the presence of Hannibal and Will, the alpha stops in his tracks, two meters away from them.

“Francis,” Hannibal greets the other man with a courteous bow of his head.

“Hannibal,” Francis grunts back. He lets his eyes wander over both of them. “Caught someone, too?” He asks, his being speech a little slurred. Anthony whimpers, but he doesn’t care.

“Yes”, Hannibal replied, friendly but cautious, his hand still clutching the knife attached to his leather belt on his left. His right hand wrapped around his hip like a snail to “Will is my mate.”

“I see,” Francis grunts again and scrutinises Will with his ice-blue eyes. Will shrinks under the burning glare. “He is not handsome... but purposeful,” he says, the voice full of innuendo.

Will’s eyebrows shoot up in anger. He opens his mouth for a spiteful remark, but an elbow into his ribs stops him from ruining the truce they currently have.

Hannibal lets out a forced chuckle. “It is all a matter of perspective. I find him very endearing.”

“Where are the others?” Francis asks, after checking the surroundings for other alphas.

“Dead,” Hannibal replied casually. “I killed Tobias, Mason, and Clark.” His maroon eyes didn’t flicker away from Francis’ piercing blue ones. “We’re the only two survivors and new leaders of the village council, I believe.”

“Uhum,” Francis merely replies. He doesn’t seem to be bothered nor particularly interested by the news. “I didn’t like them anyway”, he admits.

“So shall we head back together?” Hannibal asks the alpha.

Instead of answering, Francis nods. They walk back to the village in silence, the omegas walking ahead. Will supports Anthony by grabbing his waist and occasionally gives him some water to drink and a bit of the raw meat to eat. “Are you okay? What happened?” Will asks quietly. Anthony smiles sadly. “It’s been a rough time”, he says, shrugging. “But Francis..is okay.”, he says, making Will scoff. “The others were worse..” Will agrees with a grunt, his face darkening at the memory. Anthony notices that. “And you?” Anthony said, looking at Will’s bruises. Will forces his lips to roll up into a smile, as the memory of the creepy alpha returns. “It was another alpha, too. Hannibal saved me”, he admits.

The alphas tug at their leashes to make them walk faster.

“Keep walking”, Francis grunts at his omega, his eyes flashing up.

Will tilts his head over his shoulder to look at Hannibal. Hannibal's lip twitches as Will stumbles over a root and nearly makes them both fall over.

"Watch where you're going, Will," he says, sounding almost amused. Will laughs at that. The clear ringing sound of his laughter is music to Hannibal's ears.

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Back at the village, Hannibal, Will, Anthony and Francis must confront Jack and his guards before the situation clears and things change for the better.

Back at the entrance to the village, where they have started their hunt a few hours ago, two soldiers arrive and escort the group to a wooden podium on the piazza in the village centre. The crowd, a myriad of anxious parents, has already gathered around it. Some mothers hug the omegas that have managed to survive the hunt. The soldiers are at a loss at what to do with them, seeing as they returned without an alpha. When Hannibal, Francis, Will and Anthony make their way to the podium, the mothers and fathers of some omegas, presumably dead, give them pleading, grievous looks. Will feels the anxiety, grief, and desperation of the mothers floating through the air.

His eyes dart through the crowd. He thinks about Abby, his heart racing, as he can't discover any trace of the black-haired beta Beverly and his surrogate daughter. Unfortunately there are a lot of people milling about the place, the bright sun light blinding his sensitive eyes, so that it is hard to discover the person he is looking for. He leans forward, tears at the rope connect to his collar, nearly knocking Hannibal off balance in the process. The alpha growls menacingly. "S-sorry", Will says to him. "It's just-", he starts. Hannibal places a hand on his shoulder. "We will find her", he whispers into his ear. He releases a calming stream of pheromones.

"Now, what is going on here," a booming voice says. Hannibal, Will, Francis, and Anthony whirl around on the wooden stage to face a sturdy beta entering the stage. He wears an expensive purple chiton ending just an inch above his knees. The man presents himself with authority and self-confidence. Will guesses that he has to be the chief of the city. The man is accompanied by his wife, a graceful, beautiful woman. She wears her long black curls put up in a loose bun and is dressed in a white, flowing dress which forms a wonderful contrast to her skin. "Hannibal the Cannibal, is it?" His eyes then fall on Francis, who hasn't said a word. "And...Dolarhyde, is that right"?

"Yeah," he growls. He tugs at Anthony's leash, trying to impress the leader of the village circle. Anthony whines and lowers his head in submission to make an impression on them, too.

Hannibal turns towards him. "Jack," he says, feigning a smile. Will's mind drifts off to the sparkling pond, where Abigail waits for him on the shore. He ignores the conversation and focuses on that. The people gawking at him, throwing desperate glances at him, is too much to bear. He just wants to go looking for Abigail and relax in the shadow. His mouth is dry and his limbs ache for rest.

Careful enough to keep some distance, the chief of the village council, Jack, returns to the other end of the stage, to his wife, Bella, who keeps her arms crossed over her chest. “Where are the other hunters?” She asks Hannibal.

The alpha doesn’t beat around the bush.

“They’re dead, “ he announces loudly.

A loud groan goes through the crowd. Their voices raise to a loud buzz, until a soldier shorts “SILENCE!”

Jack’s jaw drops. A scandalous look appears on his face. “Wait..you..killed them?” He shouts, knitting his eyebrows. “You killed half of the alphas?” “Are you aware that you killed precious members of the military and the village circle?”

“Yes”, Hannibal replies casually, unimpressed by Jack’s consternation and the groans of the audience. He keeps his head up high. “I know.”

“Me, too”, Francis interjects, making Will and Anthony lift their heads in astonishment.”I killed James and Eldon.”

There is uproar now. “Traitors”, a man in the crowd calls. “Execute them”, another woman shouts.

Jack looks around frantically. He has to act to maintain his reputation and authority.

“Jack-“, Bella says.

He ignores her.

“Guards”, Jack bellows. “Seize them.”

Immediately, three guards that have been standing behind the stage rush to his aid, raising their spears at Hannibal and Francis.

Will’s legs grow wobbly as one of the guards comes close and tugs violently at him. Dark, cold eyes meet Will’s. The omega recognises that he is the same young guard who has accompanied the bald man this morning.

No, please. No.

He just can’t take any more of this fighting.

The sour scent of his distress reaches Hannibal’s nose. He grips his shoulder to reassure that he would fight for his omega and punches the young guard into his face, breaking his nose. “I’ll protect you, “ he says to Will. “Just stay back.” Will hurries down the stairs and removes the collar from his throat. Anthony joins him and does the same. The young man with the curly hair wipes off the blood and makes an attempt at hurting Hannibal again with his fist. Hannibal lunges at him with a loud snarl, hitting his shoulder into his stomach. He crumbles to the ground.

Francis takes care of the other bulky soldier. Reacting swiftly, he grabs the head of the bald soldier's weapon. A loud snap announces the breaking of the spear. He lets a loud, roaring growl, grabs the head and tosses it aside. The soldier grabs his sword but Francis breaks his hand. He yells. Soon, the guard backs down in terror. Francis pushes him to the edge of the stage and holds a knife to his throat. Sweat stains the forehead of the guard. The people standing around them, begin to scream and run around aimlessly, seeking refuge from the fight ensuing in front of their eyes.

Two other guards rush on stage. If this continues, both alphas would be overwhelmed. Will witnesses the fight with mixed feelings. He wants to join the messy quarrel again and defend his alpha despite the orders given to him, but a loud shouted "DADDY" tears him out of his reverie. The voice sounds too familiar. He looks to his left as he hears a familiar voice. A little girl runs towards him, dodging the panicking people, her long brown hair flowing in the wind. He would recognize her anywhere. Tears of joy brim up in his eyes.

Abby is safe and alive.

"Abigail," shouts and hunkers down to his knees and sways the girl in his arms. She nuzzles in his embrace for a moment and Will forgets the horror of the day for a second. He drops to the floor. Dust whirls up from the ground and coats his legs. "Where were you?" She says. "I missed you, Daddy. So much."

"I..had to go", he says. "But it's all good now."

He holds her face between his hands. "Are you okay?"

Abby nods.

Behind Abby, a young woman with long, wavy black hair appears, wearing a brown woven linen dress ending just above her ankles. A black belt binds it together at her waist. She grins down at him. "Hey, Will."

"Beverly", he says and looks up at her.

A shout tears him out of their tiny moment. Beverly, Will, and Anthony look at the fighting alphas again. Will clutches Abigail's hand again.

"Jack..wait", Bella shouts as she witnesses the chaos breaking out. Anger rushes over her beautiful face. "Didn't we want to bring peace to Peleopolis?" She spats, her dark eyes brimming with righteous fury. "Enough blood has been spilled already! She scolds him. Jack sighs and bows his head. He is conflicted. On the one hand, Hannibal the Cannibal deserves to be banished from the village. On the other hand, he has helped him to dispose of the disgusting men that have threatened him in the past.

Bella's menacing, sparkling eyes make him reconsider this charade.

"STOP", he shouts at the guards. "STOP THE FIGHTING. NOW."

Heading the command, the guards stop the attack and pull back from the alphas. Hannibal pants and wipes blood from his face then turns around to seek Will, only to discover him reunited with Abigail, Anthony, and a young woman standing nearby. A relieved smile sneaks on his face.

Hannibal turns back to face Jack. "A wise decision, Jack", Hannibal gnarls, narrowing his eyes. He spits out a piece of flesh.

"I didn't do it for you," the beta man answers, utter contempt and disgust dripping from his voice.

Bella steps forward, ignoring her scowling husband, and smiles at Hannibal and Francis.

"Thank you", she says softly to him. "For taking care of them." She looks at Jack again. "Herewith, we would like to appoint you a member of the village council."

Hannibal opens and closes his mouth in surprise. For a short moment, he wants to reconsider this, seeing that he has a mate and a surrogate daughter now, but it is the only way to ensure a smooth transition into a more civilized village. "Thank you, Bella."

Jack tenses his shoulders when he hears that he has to put up with Hannibal in the senate.

The people who have come back to face the scene are all silent and look to another, being utterly bemused as to what is going on. Hannibal walks along the stage until he nears the end of it. His intense, russet-browneyes scare some of the people and make them back further against the wall.

"I have one request to make as a newly appointed member if you allow me, " he says loudly.

"What is it exactly that you're demanding?" Jack asks.

Hannibal scrutinizes him intently as he formulates his demand.

"There will be no more omega hunts," the alpha declares loudly, taking steps towards the leading member of the village circle. "Omegas deserve to be free and live among us all. Stop this barbaric tradition! Free the omegas. Every omega can choose to stay or start a new life."

Jack scowls at him, but bites on his bottom lip to swallow the remark about his murders.

"Under the condition that you do refrain from savageries," Jack retorts. "Except during war with our foes."

The alpha bows his head to signal his understanding and acceptance. He would find a way to be discrete about further killings.

"So be it," he shouts to the remaining people at the back.

"From this day on, there will be no more omega hunts! Omegas are herewith allowed to return to the village."

The people in the back start to cheer. Jack turns to his wife who smiles and cups her hand around his face.

“I’m proud of you, darling,” Bella says softly and rubs her nose against Jack’s for a short moment. Her lips find his for a fender kiss. He leans into it and enjoys the moment of intimacy, before turning back to Hannibal.

“See you at the next meeting then,” Jack says wryly, then turns away to walk off the wooden stairs. They creak under the weight of the man.

“Matthew”, he bellows, searching for his personal guard.

The young beta immediately appears at his side, walking swiftly to catch up with his boss.

“Yes, sir?” He asks, eager to please.

“Search for the imprisoned omegas,” he says loudly. “I want every house, every cellar being searched thoroughly.”

“I understand,” he says.

“Spread the word throughout the village,” Jack continues.

Matthew nods.

“Anything else, sir?”

Jack shakes his head. “That would be all.” He nods at the young beta soldier who gives his best to do his duty. “Good day to you.” He turns back again and makes his way forward to the path leading up to their house on the hill on the southern part of the city, graced by cypresses and statues.

Chapter 8

Hannibal groans. His body is tired and stiff from the strenuous physical activities of hunting and battling, and it longs for a proper bath. It would be nice to share this with his new mate and lounge in bed after that. Together with Francis he steps down the wooden stairs. His eyes fall through the scattered crowd of people, still lingering and discussing the events of today. He discovers Will perching on the red, sandy ground along with the girl, who must be Abigail. Next to him stands Anthony and the black-haired beta woman. Anthony immediately peaks up as he smells his alpha.

“Francis”, he says and comes closer to him, wanting to embrace the alpha. But Francis keeps his distance, which puts Anthony at unease.

“You are free now,” Francis tells Anthony, his head lowered. “You...you don’t have to be with me.”

The omega just shakes his head. “What are you talking about? I am your mate.”

A blush creeps on Francis’ face. “You would....stay?” No one has ever said that to him. No one had stayed in the past. Reba didn’t want him and abandoned him for a beta instead. Better to separate now than to risk another heartache. Francis doesn’t want to experience the same heartbreak again.

Anthony musters a scandalized look. He throws himself into the arms of the muscular alpha and nuzzles into his strong arms. “Of course, I- I want to be with you,” he says. “I want to give you pups.” He stands on his toes and presses his dry, parched lips against Francis’. Their kisses become wanting. Francis lifts Anthony from the ground and carries him away, looking over to Hannibal, bobbing his head shortly.

Hannibal witnesses their departure with a smile. then waits until Will has finished speaking with Beverly. He has mated with Will in the forest, but he is going to ask again. To reassure that this is what Will wants.

Beverly notices the waiting alpha behind Will. She playfully ruffles Will’s curls. “Look who is there!” She says. Will tilts his head and gives his alpha a fond look. “Alright, anyway. I’ll be going back. Brian is waiting for me,” she says. “Take care of Abby for me,” Beverly demands.

Will shifts his gaze back at her. She is right. Nothing should happen to her anymore. He won’t let anything bad happen to Abby again, as long as he is alive. Even if he has to give his life for real.. “I promise.” He locks his gaze with Hannibal. “The circumstances have changed now.”

She bestows him with a fond smile, then looks back at Abigail and bows down until she is on the same level. “We had a fun time together. If you want to, you can come back to me.”

Abby looks at Will with pleading, blue eyes.

“Daddy, can I do that?”

Will kisses her head. “But of course.” She beams at him and makes a leap of joy.

“Be a good girl,” Beverly says and winks at her.

She waves her hand at Will, Abby, and Hannibal and turns around to leave. Will watches her until she has disappeared into the narrow alley between both houses behind the wooden stage.

Will slowly turns on his heels and looks at Hannibal. “Thank goodness, you are alright,” the omega remarks and kisses him.

Hannibal gets down on his knees and peaks up at Will. The omega just gives him an utterly confused look. “What is this about, Hannibal?”

”Will, you are free now. You have every right to choose another life apart from me," he begins.

”Stop that nonsense,” Will snorts. “You belong to me, I belong to you.”

A proud purr resonates in the alpha’s chest and he gets up from the ground. Sand sticks to his knees.

After getting up, Hannibal groans and he shows the scratches he has endured. There are many cuts. Not deep, but the amount would bring a beta to his physical limits. “Honestly, another fight like this and you will have to carry me to the graveyard.”

“Don’t say that,” Will says sternly. “You are strong.”

“Who is that, Daddy?” Abby intervenes, interrupting their moment, narrowing her eyes in suspicion.

Will lifts her up from the ground. “Sorry, darling, “ he says to her. “How rude of you. This is Hannibal. He’s going to be your new daddy, too.”

“Abby, this is Hannibal.”

Hannibal smiles, bows down, and offers Abby his hand. “A pleasure to make your acquaintance.”

“Did you kill all those people?” Abby asks distrustfully.

“Yes, I have,” he admits. “Does that bother you? That I killed all those nasty people?”

Will watches both and holds back. It’s their conversation after all and Hannibal needs to make his own connection. Still, he hopes, they could hurry. His arms hurt and he is so exhausted, too. The heat of the sun doesn’t make it exactly easier.

Abby takes her time. “Did they want to hurt my daddy?”

Hannibal hums. "They wanted to do bad things, yes."

"Hmm", she says. "Then it's okay."

"Are you done?" Will asks in a pained voice. "My arms hurt."

Hannibal nods. "I could use some rest, too. Let's take me to my home."

"How far is it?"

The alpha points to the hill towering above the northern part of the village.

"Do you see the hill over there? This is where I live. It's not that far." Will lets out an agonized groan and begins to drag his body forward. Hannibal takes Abby and lets her ride his broad back despite his injured shoulder.

When they have just stepped through the tall wooden gate next to the defence walls, a voice makes them stop in their tracks again.

"Wait?" Will turns around to see Matthew heading towards him, his soldier armour rattling as he runs. His face darkens. What the hell does Matthew want right now? Didn't he do enough harm already?

Matthew stops in front of them, his blue-grey eyes fixed only on Will. He knows what Matthew wants as he reads the regret on his face. It's forgiveness. But Will isn't in the mood to give it to him. In fact, he'd love to order his alpha to rip him apart and feast on his flesh.

"What do you want?" Will snaps, curling his hands into fists which start to shake in anger.

"I-I wanted to apologize," Matthew starts. "For betraying you..I know I shouldn't have done that."

The alpha's eyes narrows as he understands that Matthew has been the cause for Will's suffering. "Leave us be", Hannibal orders.

"Yes, leave my daddies alone", Abby says, staring down at the beta, raising her fists as well .

Matthew lifts his hands in defence. "Alright, I'll be going. Just listen to me."

Will has had enough of apologies and talks. Hannibal, sensing that Will is going to do something violent, turns away and shields Abby from that view. Meanwhile Will slams his fist into Matthew's face. The bones crunch and the beta yells in pain. Will smirks at the sight of blood running down his nose.

"Apologies accepted", Will tells him coldly, then turns around.

The punch into Matthew's face makes Will whistle with joy. Hannibal smirks at that and shakes his head. What an unpredictable boy.

“I give you the permission to kill him”, Will tells Hannibal as they walk along the plane dry, dusty path. Dry bushes grow on both sides. The alpha’s lips curl into a smile. “How courteous of you”, he chuckles. “Unfortunately, Jack has told me that I should not kill anyone else, when I want to stay in the council.”

Will drops his shoulders. “Hmm”, he says thoughtfully. “What a shame.”

“I could arrange a little accident, though”, the alpha adds with a wink.

Will looks at him with amused maliciousness. The alpha admires the sight of the righteous violence in his eyes. Oh, he has made a good choice in mating Will.

“Fair enough”, he laughs. He is content with that suggestion.

They move on. When they come to the beginning of a rather steep slope and Will groans again, under the blazing, relentless heat of the sun, neighing horses, a black and a white one, appear in the distance and come running towards them, knowing their master. Hannibal smirks at Will who just sighs in relief. The alpha helps Will mount the smaller horse, before settling on the back of his black mustang. They ride up to the hill until the large house, flanked by marble statues, greets them.

They descend from the horses. Doriana, Hannibal’s faithful servant, hurries across the yard and takes care of the horses.

Standing in front of the house, Hannibal wraps his right arm around Will’s waist while his left arm holds Abigail. Both stare at the rather ostentatious home with the courtyard and two floors in awe.

“Welcome, home”, Hannibal says with a proud grin to Abby and Will. Will stands on his toes and presses his lips to his lover’s to thank him for that

Bonus Chapter

Chapter Notes

This is just a short bonus chapter.

Thanks for reading the story and sticking with me. I hope you liked the attempt on an Ancient Greece AU. If not, well, thank you for giving it a shot 😊. I just wanted to get the story out of my head. Of course there are lots of better Ancient World AUs, but it is what it is! Still proud of having finished this, haha 😄

I will be going on a short break again to replenish my creative energies. My next longer project is a Zeus/ Ganymedes / Leda and the Swan AU for the upcoming fest.

Thank you again.

Will lies in the bed, his hair soaked with sweat. His face distorts in pain as another wave of pain rolls over him. A scream bounces off the walls. His body writhes; his legs thrash. He has been in labor for two hours now. Doriana and Hannibal sit next to the bed, trying to help him. "Hold on, beloved," Hannibal encourages Will, who whimpers loudly as another wave of pain washes over him. The pain overwhelming his omega is excruciating, Hannibal senses that.

But unfortunately, he cannot share the pain with him. His scent glands produce more sedating and calming pheromones to help with the birth. Hannibal is desperate. He prays to the gods that Will wouldn't die. "Breathe", Doriana orders. "Just as I told you to."

Will tries his best. Never has he imagined that giving birth to a child would be so arduous. He locks his gaze with Hannibal and presses his hand tighter. He follows Doriana's orders and focuses on the steady rhythm of inhaling and exhaling. Oh, god, it hurts so much. It's like knives cutting him up from inside.

Then, after a while, the first cry resounds in the room and the head of the baby appears. "Yes, yes, very good," Doriana says to him, a warm smile hushing over her lips. "Just a little more." Will groans and shouts. He exerts more pressure until Doriana gently pulls the baby out of the widened entrance and cuts the umbilical cord. The bed is a mess of sweat and blood. The stinky smell of sweat, iron and distress hangs in the room. She has a close look at her newborn, wraps the newborn baby in a blanket and puts him into Will's arms.

"Congratulations", Doriana says to them. The tension and worry in her face dissolves and makes space for joy.

The baby screams loudly, needing comfort and the warmth of his mama. Will rocks the boy gently in his arms, humming a melodic tune. His eyes have turned to gold. A deep purr comes from his throat to soothe the newborn. Doriana hands him a cloth and he wipes away the blood and mess on the boy's forehead.

"Would you check on Abby?" Hannibal asks Doriana. His servant nods, smiles at them, and hurries out of the room to give them the space they need right now.

Tears well up in his eyes as he stares at the lovely boy. He has the same bluish-green eyes of Will, but his prominent cheekbones and nose.

"Hannibal...I need water," Will demands.

Hannibal gets up immediately and leads the ceramic mug filled with water to Will's mouth. Will gulps the water down. The alpha pours him another one. He plants a tender kiss on Will's damp forehead.

"Do you have a name in mind?" Hannibal asks his mate while dapping away the sweat off Will's forehead with a cloth.

Will looks down at his little one who is sucking at his nipples to drink some milk.

"Achillea," Will answers without hesitating.

"Not Achilles?"

The omega shakes his head. "I want them to choose."

"A fitting name," Hannibal agrees. "Our child will become a warrior one day."

The alpha bows down and smiles at his little darling.

"Hello Achillea," he purrs and caresses the tiny face with his hands. The baby giggles at the touch. The baby reaches for Hannibal's fingers. Hannibal allows Achillea to play with it.

"Welcome to the family."

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!